

## WITH THE CHILDREN.

"We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it."—George Eliot.

way he treated the smaller boys of his class. Ever kind and generous, he never let an opportunity slip for doing a kind act to ward any poor little street urchin like himself. Left an orphan at the tender age of six, he had struggled with poverty and ill words like a man sleeping out of doors in the most severe weather and begging for bread in the day, only to be passed by or turned away. His eyes were bright and full of intelligence, and his hair was golden, and hung in ringlets about his neck. His face, I am very sorry to say, was never very clean, and his hair looked matted and tangled as if it had never been combed. Poor fellow, I wonder if he ever felt a mother's gentle fingers running through his soft hair, or a mother's kiss upon his forehead.

One afternoon he was walking down the street looking unusually sad; for it had been a very dreary day to him; people had seemed more cross and uninterested than usual, and he was hungry, for he had gone without anything to eat since early morning, and then he had been asked to give him five dollars. Of course, he has his fault. Sometimes his feet become swollen and he grows weary where his cow lick generally is, but he soon gets over his temper, and he is himself again. But George has one great fault, he thinks he can sing. We really would not object to his views on the subject if he only would not illustrate them. He goes to a dinner and mentions how very fond he is of music; when if no one asks him to sing (those who love and those who love themselves never do) he requests each person separately to "favor us with a song." After a while some stranger will inquire if he don't sing. George replies, "Only a little," in a tone and manner that plainly says: "Nicolini is nowhere." After great begging and positive refusals on his part he is literally dragged to the piano. By a time he has played and is exhausted trying to change the subject, and at the same time by signs, coughs and kicks to make some impression on George. But George begins to sing—let us not linger on that painful time, sufficient to say the three children who have been moved out in the wing, so that the talking they never anticipated anything like this will not keep them away, also that the nursery may be used for the boys' dressing.

But who had been watching this kind act? It was a lady and her little girl, who were sitting on the porch of a handsome dwelling-house opposite the scene I have been describing. They had seen everything—the policeman's cruelty and Benno's kind deed.

"Mamma," said the little girl, "can't we do something for that little boy? His clothes are very ragged and his face is dirty, and then he was so kind." The mother looked at her daughter and said: "I don't think Rose Hornor is half as pretty as I did at first."

Between them they came to the conclusion that if Kate Owen should have one this Valentine's Day—one that would somewhat comfort her forlorn little heart.

"Mother," said Roy abruptly and in a disturbed tone of voice, "maybe nobody does love Katie, or never will; she isn't all pretty, or."

"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Felton; "Christ loves her, and that we may be sure."

"Why yes, mother; let's make up a valentine; it would be all right to say 'Somebody loves you, wouldn't it?'"

The mother smilingly nodded her head; five minutes later Roy rushed out of the house, made a few hurried purchases, and was back some time before his mother looked for him.

Between the two a dainty valentine was put together, and Roy ate his supper with an extra relish after his new and interesting labors.

The morning of the 14th dawned clear and cold; it had snowed steadily for some hours the night before, so that the day was one to make good "St. Valentine" and all his followers feel jolly and glad. Roy was out of bed good and early, and a daisy was on his track, and cutting across the fields, was soon at home again.

At a quarter to nine that 14th day of February, seven or eight girls, among them Kate Owen and her inseparable companion, Mabel Blake, entered the school-room; five minutes later Katie Owen came in, and was followed almost immediately by three or four of the older boys, headed by Roy Felton.

As soon as Roy entered, without in the least seeming to, he kept a sharp lookout in Katie Owen's direction; he saw the "face" and drooping head, and felt truly sorry for it. He thought of the daisy he had seen on the pond the afternoon before; Katie's face was lighted up with surprise and delight, and for the first time in a long, long while, her cheeks were pretty and rosy.

But what had happened to Benno's little friend, who may ask. Mrs. Leslie had him sent to a hospital, where he lingered a few days and died. Benno's sorrow was great, for he had tried to love the little friend he had rescued.

Mrs. Leslie was so pleased with the gentle inoffensive ways of their little friend that she proposed to her husband that he should adopt him, to which he readily assented.

Benno was one morning informed by Josie, who ran up to him, kissed and hugged him, saying: "You are to be my brother, and I shall be your sister. Benno joined in. They were going up to his benefactors he put his hands into theirs, saying I hope I may be a good son to you for all you have done for me."

"I think you will," said Leslie, "or at least I hope you will try to be a kind brother to Josie, for I know she loves you."

"Yes, I do," said she, kissing him with him, said she solemnly.

"I will only add that Benno lived a happy life with his parents and sister who had adopted him."

These Brothers.

(By a Society Girl.)

see it is rather an unusual thing, so I am determined to carry it out.

On the library table is the household comfort, a book that will guarantee to give you any receipt from the making of a grand piano to a corn lotion, also a complete Encyclopedia. As I have found the word "Brothers," and I uttered a smothered cry of "Eureka," for now I know I will learn something of the rising questions of the day. "Brothers," a name given to a group of six or eight rocky islands immediately outside the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, varying in height from 250 to 350 feet. "Now," rocky would never apply to either of them, and besides they evidently have never gotten their full growth, I closed the book in disgust. It would have been so easy for the party who wrote the book to have put something reasonable in it.

Well, I think Dick is an angel, he always takes me to the theatre when I have no other engagement, and when I hear about the "dark eyed" stranger, he never throws cold water on my enthusiasm by saying he is a "hold unprincipled fellow," he always says to me, "I'll give you five dollars. Of course, he has his fault. Sometimes his feet become swollen and he grows weary where his cow lick generally is, but he soon gets over his temper, and he is himself again. But George has one great fault, he thinks he can sing. We really would not object to his views on the subject if he only would not illustrate them. He goes to a dinner and mentions how very fond he is of music; when if no one asks him to sing (those who love and those who love themselves never do) he requests each person separately to "favor us with a song." After a while some stranger will inquire if he don't sing. George replies, "Only a little," in a tone and manner that plainly says: "Nicolini is nowhere." After great begging and positive refusals on his part he is literally dragged to the piano. By a time he has played and is exhausted trying to change the subject, and at the same time by signs, coughs and kicks to make some impression on George. But George begins to sing—let us not linger on that painful time, sufficient to say the three children who have been moved out in the wing, so that the talking they never anticipated anything like this will not keep them away, also that the nursery may be used for the boys' dressing.

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## OUR PORTRAIT AND PRIZE PUZZLES

## 44-BEHEADED RHYME.

I heard a robin breast—  
"Come home, my birdlings, one and—  
On leafy throb I see her—  
Her heart throbs anxious 'neath her—

For she has heard a distant—  
Which an uprising cloud doth—

She cries again: "Stop not for—  
Of ripening wheat! It comes! the—

And now the lightning fiercely—  
Athwart the sky is flaring—

The robin sees with glances—  
Her young ones come from left and—

The welcome rain begins to—  
Hopped for, at last it blesses—

Beneath soft wing's protecting—  
The birdlings chirp: "Will 't soon be—?

Yes, clouds away begin to—  
I spy the blue through opening—

And look, sweet birdies, o'er the—  
A bow resplendent brightly—

55-ENIGMA.

Tired, I dropped my 1, 7, 8.  
To 1, 5, 8, 9 soon was driven,  
To sail for 8, 9, 5 and 3  
Ride o'er the waves right merrily,  
To see a 4, 8, 2 and 9.

Who was an ancient friend of mine;  
Sweet odors as I reached his gate  
Rejoiced my 7, 6, 10 and 8.  
Surely a 9, 6, 4 and 2

Must 5, 4, 8 to my view,  
But see, my friends, a 6, 3 come  
To welcome me unto their home;  
A scholar 9, 5, 1 and 2

I find him unto his instinct true,  
Reading of 2, 9, 6 and 10  
Of 5, 6, 7, 2, 8 and 9  
Of men as 9, 2, 7, 8.

A king who nobly served his state.  
After some hours of happy talk,  
Down to my 5, 7, 3 we went  
Exchange our farewell greetings there,  
And both unto our homes repair.

And through our happy land my whole  
You'll find,  
Though out of sight, O keep them still in  
mind.

56-HOUR GLASS.

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CROSSWORDS.—1. Found. 2. An East-  
ern warrior. 3. A kind of lily. 4. A wa-  
ger. 5. A constellation. 6. Consumed. 7.  
An aromatic substance. 8. Flags. 9. A  
European city on the Zuyder Zee.

Central word—An affectionate remem-  
brance—very reasonable just now.

57-DOUBLE MIDDLE ACROSTIC.

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1. A string for musical instruments. 2.  
In a row. 3. Thin pieces of timber. 4.  
Digging for metals. 5. To renew ties. 6.  
To obtain unlawfully.

The left-hand acrostic, the acknowledg-  
ment of avowed acrobatic, bestowing.

The two combined is the most delightful  
day of reunions.

58-BURIED FISH.

1. Charles, hark! Can that be a bur-  
glar? 2. Do you use tobacco? Dear me, I  
would not.

3. What that Adolph! I never would have  
known him. 4. I am in no way obliged to him.

5. What routed them, any way? 6. And  
said Lillian, she is trying to get  
two.

7. Did you say I could not row? Ha! let  
me take the oar. 8. I hope he will whip  
like.

9. But even if like is whipped, he will  
not let her ring back. 10. How I wish Ada  
could get it. 11. Come, Ada, Cecilia is calling you.

Dear "Recebud,"

I've guessed both your puzzles, and they  
are so clever that I've put them in the  
paper for the benefit of some of your little  
friends. I shall expect some facts from  
you.

Your Editor.

My first is in Beale, but not in Kate.  
My second is in twain, but not in mate.

My third is in rudeness, but not in kind.  
My fourth is in faith, but not in mind.

My fifth is in Ruth, but not in May.  
My sixth is in darkness, but not in ray.

My seventh is in Alice, but not in Fey.  
My eighth is in enemy, but not in foe.

My whole is a day of joy for many a  
girl and boy.

Your little friend,

February 10, 1892.

My first is in Rose, but not in Lilly.  
My second is in Edith, but not in Billy.

My third is in lady, but not in maid.  
My fourth is in Sade, but not in Dan.

My fifth is in goad, but not in ten.  
My sixth is in ink, but not in pen.

My seventh is in oil, but not in water.  
My eighth is in nephew, but not in daughter.

My whole should be the chief concern of  
mortals here below.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Owing to the  
two conundrums, together with the  
children, crowds us a little, the names  
of the puzzle are very short.

So you see, children, how much February  
has to be proud of.

P. S.—The bar has been out and taken  
a walk. I presume, for it was a very  
cloudy and stormy day of the 24th at least  
in New York, and I wonder if his majesty  
carried an umbrella?

Children mine, children mine,  
Here's to each a valentine  
Telling of love to you,  
Ever tender ever true.

May I be your valentine,  
Children mine, children mine?

Children mine, children mine,  
Here's my heart—it's long been true.  
I give it to you,  
Will you give yours to me, too?

Then, O then, sweet children mine  
You will be my valentine.

An Announcement.

When I'm a man I'm going to be  
Exactly like you.  
I'm going to eat hot cakes for tea,  
And smoke a big cigar.

And won't it be the greatest fun  
When I'm as old as you?  
To have a lovely little son  
In all respects like me!

—Gaston V. Drake.

The senior proprietor of this paper has  
been subject to frequent colds for some  
years, which were sure to lay him up if  
not doctored at once. He finds that  
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable.  
It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs  
and restores the system to a healthy  
condition. It freely used as soon as the  
cold has been detected, and it has be-  
come a household word.

In the system, it greatly lessens  
the attack, and often cures in a  
single day what would otherwise have  
been a severe cold. Write to H. H. Hild  
Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa, to send you  
free of cost by mail a bottle of  
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

What Jolly To be without Chamberlain's  
Puzzle.



WINTER GARMENTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The picture shows some handsome garments for children from ten to twelve years.  
That on the left is an eiderdown cloak with seaweed-trimming and a muff, the hat  
being of white felt trimmed with black velvet and feathers. The next is a coat and  
dress of cloth, with sleeves yoke and band of astrakhan. The third represents a coat of  
heavy striped cheviot, with short puffed shoulder cape of satin or silk, with hat to match.  
The fourth is of cashmere, cut princess, with border and bands of velveteen.

## SPARROWS, RATS AND ROOSTER.

The Small Birds Beat the Rodents, but the  
Big Fowl Got Away With Them.

One morning last week a Scranton (Pa.)  
man placed some grain on the snow in his  
back yard for a flock of English sparrows  
that had been flying around the house  
in search of food a few moments before.  
He admires the sparrow for its  
pusanacity and determination to get a  
living, and while he was watching for the  
hungry birds to settle down on the  
scoops of grain four rats skipped from  
under the barn and went to nibbling at  
it. In a minute or so a flock of sparrows  
sailed into the yard peacefully and  
alighted on the snow near the rats. They  
began to peck at the grain, and the rats  
and surrounded them. Suddenly the  
sparrows started to chirp and squall  
spitefully. They had spied the stealers of  
their food, and at once they arose with  
startled eyes and swooped down on the  
rats, striking them with their wings and  
bills. Their attack was so vigorous and  
sudden that the rats became scared and  
scattered toward the barn. The sparrows  
continued to dive and squall at them,  
and the rats, who were within  
three feet of the barn sill, turned on  
their angry antagonists and drove  
them back, sitting upon their hindquarters  
and squealing as the birds flew  
around them. The sparrows called loudly  
and again swooped down on the four-  
legged thieves, and the rats dashed from  
under the fluttering wings, turned like a  
flash, and sprang up at the noisy birds.  
The sparrows scattered, and the pugna-  
cious rats hoped to get some of the grain.  
And surrounded them. Again the sparrows  
dived and squall at their enemies, and  
they made it so hot in a minute or two  
that the rats gave up and skedaddled  
under the barn.

On returning to the food the  
sparrows flew to and fro near the side  
of the barn, eyed the hole where the rats  
had gone out of sight, and appeared to be  
afraid that the little animals would skip  
out again. While the birds were sitting  
and chirping triumphantly a rooster  
strutted out of a coop near by and went  
to pecking the grain. The sparrows  
saw him, and he saw them, and he took  
speedily gave battle to him. In the  
turn tail. He gave them as good as they  
sent, and in the fight he knocked three  
of them stiff with his wings and spurs.  
Then the demoralized birds were squalling  
out of the yard, and immediately the rats  
skipped out and went to the grain with  
the grain with the rooster—New York Sun.

THE GILA MONSTER.

An Arizona Cattleman Remembers Some  
Experiences With the Ugly Reptile.

Mr. C. M. Bruce, who owns a big cattle  
ranch in Arizona, and has spent a baker's  
dozen of years riding over that country,  
has employed part of his time in studying  
the habits of that mysterious and uncanny  
beast of the desert, the Gila monster. He  
is spending a few days in San Francisco,  
just now, and he is telling of his curdling  
tales of the effects of its bite.

"There are many people down in that  
country," he says, "who don't believe  
that the Gila monster's bite is poisonous.  
There's something queer about the look  
about one of these fellows, and I wonder  
if the bad effects of the bite were trifling,  
and some in which there were no ill  
effects at all. And, then again, I've  
known some cases that I don't think  
that when I look at that weird, grotesque  
reptile, and think of them, I can't help  
a shiver sort of feeling about the heart,  
as if it were the reincarnation of some  
malevolent old witch."

"For instance, there was the case of a  
bar-keeper in Benson some years ago.  
He had a ret Gila monster that he kept  
in a box on the bar, and sometimes he  
would let it out and let it loose. He  
would put on a show of putting it in a  
bag and drag it up and down the bar, and  
the thing seemed to enter into the fun and  
would hold back and wiggle its tail, and  
appear as pleased as a dog. I don't think  
once that he was taking a good chance,  
and that some day the monster would bite  
him, just as sure as fate. But he only  
laughed at the idea of its biting him—it  
knew him so well—and even if it should  
bite he didn't believe it would be poison-  
ous."

"Well, one day he put his finger in its  
mouth when it didn't happen to feel good  
natured, and it sent its teeth to the bone.  
His jaws closed like a vise, and the  
men in the saloon could not pry them  
open. It just sat there and blinked its  
wicked little eyes at them and held on,  
and they had to cut its head off before  
they could make it let go. That poor fel-  
low's arm soon began to swell, and he  
suffered intense pain in his arm and hand  
and in his back. And after a while the  
flesh began to shrivel and the muscles to  
become weak, and inside of three months  
the whole arm, from the shoulder down,  
was as shriveled and helpless as a  
paralytic. That was some four or five  
years ago, but his arm remains in that  
condition to this day, and there is no  
prospect that he'll ever have the use of  
it. There was no permanently ill effect,  
nothing but the temporary pain, in any  
other part of his body."

"There was a fatal case at a little town  
on my ranch only a few days ago. A  
monster was confined in a box, and a  
vaquero came up and began teasing it  
and snapping his fingers at it through  
the slats in the top of the box. He an-  
gered the reptile, and presently it bit  
him and in half an hour he was dead."

"Then there was the case of Walter  
Vale, one of the wealthiest and best  
known cattle men in Arizona. He saw a  
big Gila monster when he was out on  
horseback and thought he would capture

it as a present for a friend. He beat it  
over the head until he thought he had  
killed it, and then strapped it on behind  
his saddle. But these reptiles are as hard  
to kill as a cat. They have a queer  
habit of coming to life again after you are  
perfectly sure you have killed them.  
That is what this one did. By the time  
Vale got home he had forgotten all about  
the Gila monster he had strapped to his  
back, and he went to the stable to get  
his horse, and the thing's jaws closed down on his forefinger. He  
called to some of his men, and they ran  
to him and tried to pry the monster's  
jaws open, but they couldn't make it let  
go, and finally they had to cut its head  
off and pry its mouth open with iron  
spikes."

"The first thing Mr. Vale did, even  
before he got his finger loose, was to send  
one of his men on a fresh horse to Pan-  
tano, the nearest railroad town, thirty  
miles away, to telegraph to Tucson for a  
physician to come on a special engine to  
Pantano, where he himself would meet  
him. Then he bound his wrist and his  
finger with leather thongs, and with his  
penknife cut the flesh around the bite.  
By that time a fresh horse had been ad-  
dled for him and he leaped upon its back,  
and started off on that terrible thirty-  
mile ride for his life. He rode the whole  
distance at a break-neck gallop, suffering  
much all the time from the tightly tied  
thongs. He had not gone more than half  
the distance when the best-informed  
people in that region believe that whisky  
or any alcoholic drink, as it leaves the  
Gila monster's poison. Vale soon became  
delirious, but the doctor pulled him through  
it, and the doctor was only a few  
minutes later. His first question was,  
"Have you taken any whisky?" and when  
Vale said he had not, the doctor assured  
him that he would pull him through. And  
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Gila monster's poison. Vale soon became  
delirious, but the doctor pulled him through  
it, and the doctor was only a few  
minutes later. His first question was,  
"Have you taken any whisky?" and when  
Vale said he had not, the doctor assured  
him that he would pull him through. And  
all the physicians and the best-informed  
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